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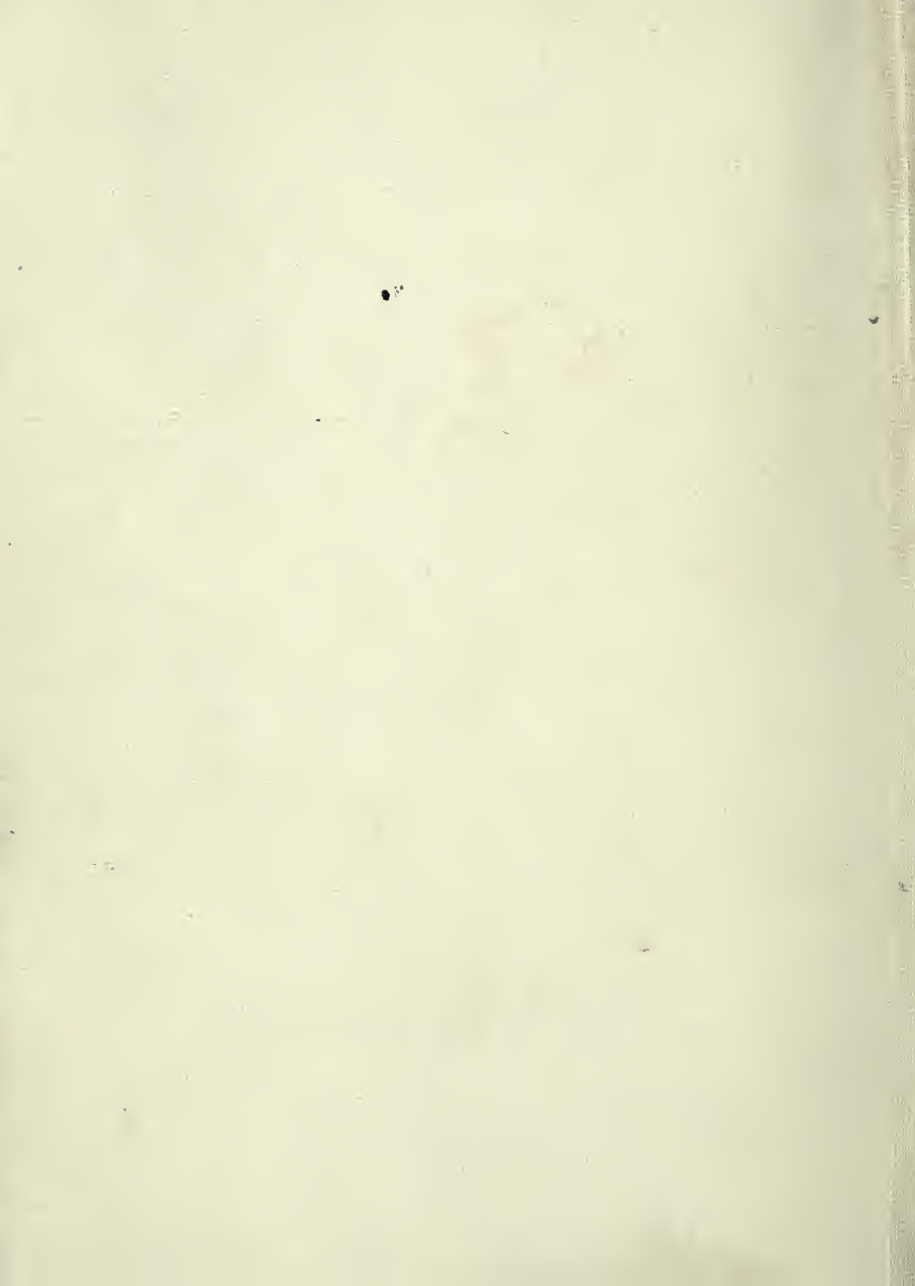


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<http://www.archive.org/details/californiafairy00stiprich>



A CALIFORNIA FAIRY



[Stipp, George H.]

(ass't. sec'y, Gold mining exchange of S.F.)

A . . . .  
CALIFORNIA  
FAIRY

[San Francisco, The Dickes-Judd company,

1896]

HE 2791

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WHEN stocks and bonds, wheat and 'Change,  
the tariff, and questions of parity of gold and  
silver, creep away into some innermost cell of our  
brains, there to rest for the nonce in quiet slumber,  
reveries of sweet childhood's days freely take the  
places of these ponderous, busy-day thoughts.

HOW nimbly then troop forth those strange creatures of fancy, the fairies, the nymphs, the sprites, the gnomes, the great bats, the ugly vampires, the fiery serpents! The prowess of strange heroes and wonderful and mysterious transformations thrill and magnetize our senses.

There is Jack and the beanstalk; the lilliputian David; who slew the giant Goliath; Tom Thumb, who was put in a pint pot and bid to drum; Aladdin and his wonderful lamp; and, best of all, Cinderella and her little glass slipper.

Oh, what wonders were accomplished in fairy-land in those days of childish dreaming!

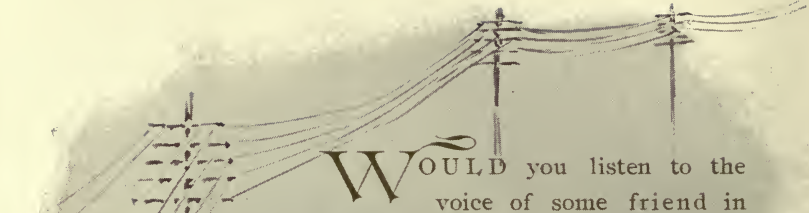


LOWLY hovels, by the magic wave of some kind fairy's wand, became, in the twinkling of an eye, glorious palaces. Elegant carriages and gayly caparisoned steeds sprang from rusty pumpkin-shells. Good children forgot the miseries of poverty and became instantaneously rich, noble and powerful.



Comforting improbabilities! And yet how true to life are all these infant fantasies!

Even now do we live in an age of fairies. Dost thou, kind reader, believe it not? Touch yonder button, and forthwith appears a sprite to do your every bidding. A fairy taps a key which sounds your words of affection, friendship or business on distant shores.



WOULD you listen to the  
voice of some friend in  
farthermost part of city or town?

Place to your ear this trumpet, and  
Nature's fairies will transmit his faint-  
est whisper. Do you wish to take a  
morning ride? Press this knob, and lo!  
your carriage waits for you at the door.

Do you feel the chill of winter? A  
turn of the key will send thousands  
of fairies and sprites singing through  
coils of pipe to warm the air about you.  
Do you wish to go up stairs or down?  
Step into this little room, and the attendant  
sprite, by a stroke of his hand, will cause  
the fairies to raise or lower you from floor  
to floor. Would you travel? Are there not  
hundreds of fairy coaches to whisk you from  
town to country and country to town?

Speaking of traveling—have you not often  
longed, on the eve of your departure, for  
some fairy, who, appearing before you  
in all fairyland's resplendent beauty,  
would grant you, as of old, just  
three wishes, to be instantly  
fulfilled?



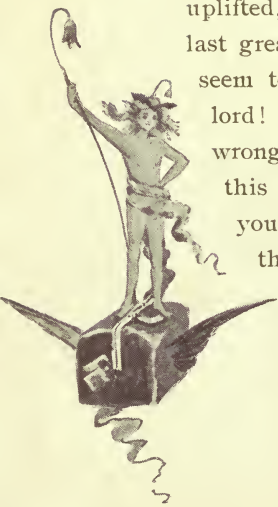


AH, how hard 't would be to choose those wishes aright! Perhaps the first would be a safe and pleasant journey; the second, success in every undertaking; and the third, last and best of all, would be the wish to take with you on your journey that elegant, many storied hotel, with its marble halls, beautiful chambers, and frescoed walls; its tapestried floors and rich appointments; its solid comforts and modern conveniences. Have you not often tried to cram all these into your little leather grip, and succeeded only in packing there some crumpled linen, a toothbrush, a hairbrush and a comb, some samples of ore, ditto wheat, a photograph, a flask of something brown, a box of pills, and the shriveled remains of a cake of hotel soap?





**D**REAMER, are you blind? Do you not see the beautiful fairy standing there, with wand uplifted, ready to grant even this last great wish, impossible though it may seem to you? Touch not the wrong button, my lord! Turn not the wrong key! Press not the wrong knob! Take not the wrong path! Let this kind fairy lead you, and she will guide you to that paragon of comfortable excellence, that acme of scientific thought and invention, that perfection of modern travel, **SUNSET LIMITED.**

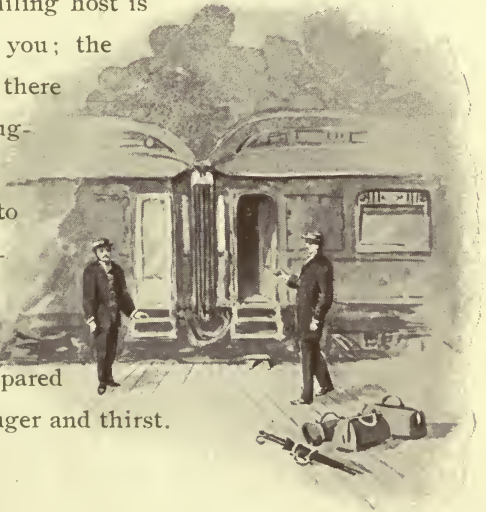




STEP into the fairy coach, most noble sir!

The smiling host is

ready to welcome you; the genial porters are there to care for your luggage; the affable clerk will assign to you elegant apartments; the royal *chef* and immaculate waiters are prepared to satisfy your hunger and thirst.





LIST! the Hotel de Sunset Limited trembles, in  
the spectral lights of the City by the Golden Gate

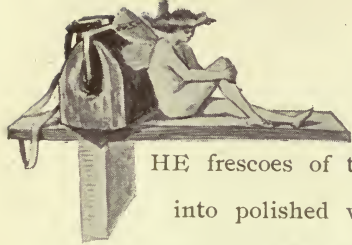






s, it rolls on wheels, it speeds faster and faster, leaving  
behind.





THE frescoes of the walls have been transformed into polished woods, in grainings which are a perfect song of nature and of art.

Golden thrones have faded away,

and in their stead you

will find easy chairs,

divans, rich upholster-

ings, handsome tapes-

tries and every con-

comitant of modern

elegance, refinement and

wealth. Noble courtiers

keep you com-

pany,—not helmeted,

nor periwigged, nor fur-

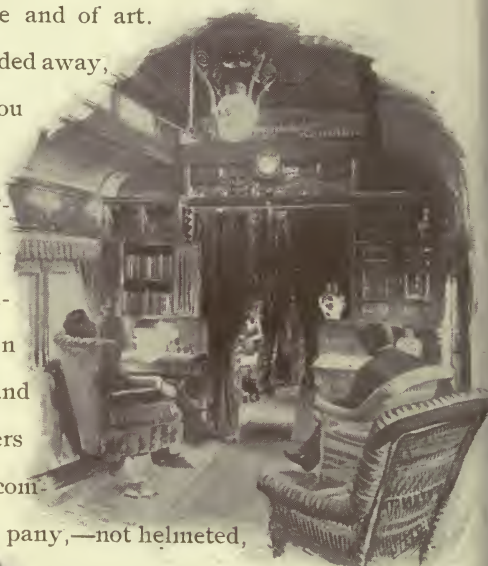
belowed, as of old, but

courtiers nevertheless.

Handsome ladies, too,

are there, attended by

courtly maids of honor.







N chambers furnished with royal couch and private toilet, princely drawing-rooms, libraries, dining-room whose board is sumptuously laden with tempting feast, crystal baths, splendid shaving parlors, and all their respective attendants, make your reign complete. Your kind fairy has made for you a palace, a throne, a kingdom. By her gentle aid you have learned how to take your hotel with you when you travel. Go, then, and enjoy the fullness thereof!



**Bancroft Library**



**I**T glides along the shores  
of the beautiful San Francisco Bay, it sweeps  
around curves, it dashes through tunnels, it crosses  
farms and bowls down pleasant country lanes. The  
light of the full moon reveals in uncertain outlines  
the distant undulating  
hills, while near at hand  
are verdant meadows in  
which to-morrow's sun  
will find contented herds.



On and on, through the valley  
of the San Joaquin, through broad  
vistas of yellow grain waving in the  
gentle breeze, and across canals  
which slake the thirst of pur-  
ple vineyards and orchards  
in full fruitage, rushes this  
great hotel.





NOW it rounds  
Tehachapi's

"Loop," now  
flashes through

orange groves,

vales of olives,

and gardens fresh with morning dew  
and the sweet perfume of perennial  
fruits and flowers. It sweeps past houses,  
towns and cities, bounds o'er desert wastes,  
climbs mineral hills, and glides along lone-  
some plains. It leaps rivers, finds its devious

way through forests, traverses marshes

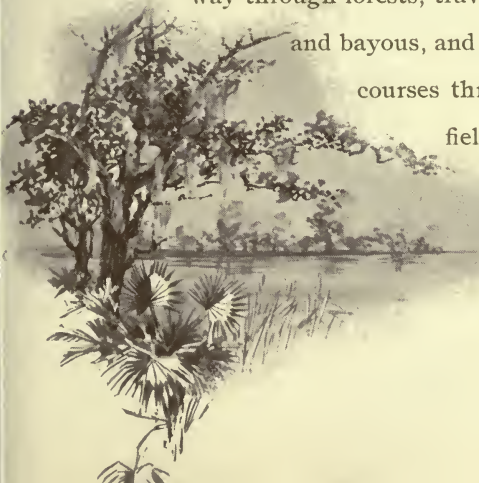
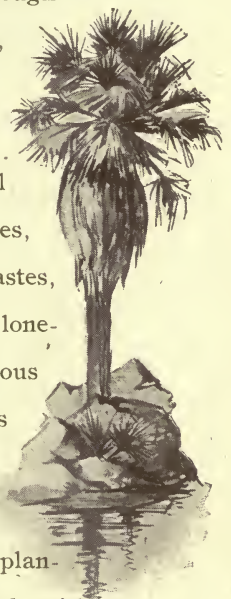
and bayous, and at eventide

courses through cotton

fields and sugar plan-

tations filled with

negro melody.





**A**T last it moves no more. It has reached a resting place beside the great Father of Waters, the Mississippi River. It stands firm and still in the beautiful Crescent City, so interesting in romance and in history. And you, sir, go forth into the redolence of magnolias, and into the balmy air of southern skies, refreshed by sweetest slumber, a well-filled larder, rich comfort, elegant ease, and every convenience that fairy genius or modern invention can conjure for your ministrations.

You and your hotel, with all its varied and useful appurtenances, have traveled two thousand five hundred miles across the land. And, as you continue your journey to the north, the east, or the south, by land or sea, you become a firm believer in the powers of modern necromancy.





SO, too, you sing your loudest praises of the beneficence of the good fairy and all her attendant retinue, who, by a wave of the wand, brought to you such sweet realization of the wonderful palaces, beautiful gardens, princely domains and rich courts, handsome courtiers and ladies, elegant coaches, comforts and pleasures, portrayed in the charming story of Cinderella and the glass slipper, and exemplified to the utmost in that model of marvelous, enchanting, delightful and speedy travel, the great SUNSET LIMITED.







